

## BITS OF BYPLAY

By Luke McLuke

Copyrighted, 1921, by  
The Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Luke McLuke Says

Next to hearing you sing his own praises a man would rather hear you roast his enemies than anything else. The reason so many ivy riders end disastrously is because a fellow and a girl take a bottle of booze along as a chaperone when they start out.

We have been a durn fool in many ways. But no oily-tongued bird ever got anything out of us by calling us "brother."

Every hard-working man hopes that some day he'll be able to take a few days off and invent something that will make him rich.

The two things that people never forget are debts that are owed to them and women who go wrong.

Some of the dear men are using rouge on their cheeks. And when you see one of them you get the impression that he is also wearing long stockings and a gauze undervest.

A wife gets just as mad if you stay around the house all the time as she does if you stay out of the house all the time.

Every now and then a wooden-headed girl marries an ivory-headed man. And then they wonder why their children haven't sense enough to come in out of the rain.

The reason some city jobs take so

long to finish is because the gang at work consists of six foremen and two laborers.

There are so many laws in this country that you are lucky if you get through a day without breaking about 32 of them.

Oh, well, even before the Patella Skirt came into fashion everybody suspected that women had legs.

## TUFF!

Just when we had our eyes all set and rested up and were looking forward to a wonderful Summer, we learn from the Dry Goods Economist that the girls are to carry shawls this year and are to use the shawls to put over their kness when they sit down. Dawg gawn! Ho Hum! Mon Dieu! Blawst it! Diablo! Ach Himmcl. Dammit!

**MORE BABY CHICKS**  
Are lost every year because of improper feed than all other causes combined. Why experiment, when

**Conkey's BUTTERMILK STARTING FEED**  
Will raise more chicks, stronger chicks and better chicks than can be raised by any other method of feeding. Made of pure, concentrated buttermilk and carefully selected grain.

Feed it for the first 8 weeks—then follow with Conkey's BUTTERMILK GROWING MASH. For Sale by

**AUSTIN HARDWARE COMPANY,**  
Tarboro, N. C.

## The Valley Ice Cream Parlor

I have installed an Ice Cream Department and will have Cream daily. Will sell any quantity at any time on short notice. Yours to serve,

J. D. LAMB

ATTENTION,  
Automobile Owners

Would you think of buying a ship and setting it afloat without equipping it with an anchor? No? Well, this is exactly what you are doing when you own or operate an automobile without having Fire and Theft Insurance. We have the Anchor in the form of a policy of this nature and we are the cable which connects you safely with one of the Best Companies doing business in America today.

See us today. The cost is SMALL.

**ALEXANDER ASSURANCE AGENCY**  
Phone 187. Office in S. N. Bank Bldg.

Bull-Dog  
Drummond

The Adventures of a  
Demobilized Officer Who  
Found Peace Dull

by CYRIL MCNEILE

"SAPPER"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
IRWIN MYERS

Copyright by Geo. H. Doran Co.

## SYNOPSIS.

**PROLOGUE**—In December, 1918, four men gathered in a hotel in Berna and heard one of the quartet outline a plan to paralyze Great Britain and at the same time seize world power. The other three, Hocking, Amerman, and Steinman and Von Gratz, German, all millionaires, agree to the scheme, providing another man, Hiram Potts, an American, is taken in. The instigator of the plot gives his name as Comte de Guy, but when he leaves for England with his daughter he decides to use the name Carl Peterson.

**CHAPTER I**—Capt. Hugh (Bulldog) Drummond, a retired officer, advertised for work that will give him excitement, signing "X10." As a result he meets Phyllis Benton, a young woman who answered his ad. She tells him of strange murders and robberies of which she suspects a band headed by Carl Peterson and Henry Lakington of being the leaders.

**CHAPTER II**—Drummond decides to go to The Larches, Miss Benton's home. An attempt is made on the road to wreck his machine when another, occupied by Peterson, Lakington and a strange man, blocks the road. While dining with Phyllis Benton and her father, Drummond hears a terrible shriek at The Elms. During the night Drummond leaves The Larches and explores The Elms. He discovers Lakington and Peterson using a thumbscrew on an American who signs a paper. Drummond rescues the American after a struggle and takes him to his home. The man is Hiram C. Potts.

**CHAPTER III**—Peterson visits Drummond the next day, departing with a threat to return later and recover Potts and also a torn paper which Drummond seized the night of the fight. With the aid of Peter Darrel, an old army friend, Drummond arranges to hide Potts, and substitute in his place one Mullings, a demobilized soldier, who is seized by Peterson and his gang and taken to The Elms, along with Drummond.

(Continued from yesterday)

"supposin' I'd knee 'em," he murmured, agitated. "Just supposin'. Why, the bally show would have been over, and I'd have had to advertise again."

Only Peterson was in the dining-room when Hugh came down. He had examined the stairs on his way, but he could see nothing unusual which would account for the thing which had whizzed past his head and clanged sullenly against the wall. Nor was there any sign of the cobra by the curtained door; merely Peterson standing in a sunny room behind a bubbling coffee-machine.

He turned politely toward his host, and paused in dismay. "Good heavens, Mr. Peterson, is your neck hurting you?"

"It is," answered Peterson grimly. "A nuisance, having a stiff neck. Makes every one laugh, and one gets no sympathy. Bad thing—laughter. . . . At times, anyway."

"Curiosity is a great deal worse, Captain Drummond. It was touch and go whether I killed you last night."

"I think I might say the same," returned Drummond.

"Yes and no," said Peterson. "From the moment you left the bottom of the stairs, I had your life in the palm of my hand. Had I chosen to take it, my young friend, I should not have had this stiff neck."

Hugh returned to his breakfast unconcerned.

"Granted, laddie, granted. But had I not been of such a kindly and forbearing nature, you wouldn't have had it, either." He looked at Peterson critically. "I'm inclined to think it's a great pity I didn't break your neck while I was about it." Hugh sighed and drank some coffee. "I see that I shall have to do it some day, and probably Lakington's as well. . . . By the way, how is our Henry? I trust his jaw is not unduly inconveniencing him."

Peterson, with his coffee cup in his hand, was staring down the drive.

"Your car is a little early, Captain Drummond," he said at length. "However, perhaps it can wait two or three minutes while we get matters perfectly clear. I should dislike you not knowing where you stand." He turned round and faced the soldier. "You have deliberately, against my advice, elected to fight me and the interests I represent. So be it. From now on the gloves are off. You embarked on this course from a spirit of adventure, at the instigation of the girl next door. She, poor little fool, is concerned over that drunken waster—her father. She asked you to help her— you agreed, and, amazing though it may seem, up to now you have scored a certain measure of success. I admit it, and I admire you for it. I apologize now for having played the fool with you last night; you're the type of man whom one should kill outright—or leave alone."

He set down his coffee cup and carefully snipped the end off a cigar.

"You are also the type of man who will continue on the path he has started. You are completely in the dark; you have no idea whatever what you are up against." He smiled grimly,

and turned abruptly on Hugh. "You fool—you stupid young fool. Do you really imagine that you can beat me?" The soldier rose and stood in front of him.

"I have a few remarks of my own to make," he answered, "and then we might consider the interview closed. I ask nothing better than that the gloves should be off—though with your filthy methods of fighting, anything you touch will get very dirty. As you say, I am completely in the dark as to your plans; but I have a pretty shrewd idea what I'm up against. Men who can employ a thumbscrew on a poor defenseless brute seem to me to be several degrees worse than an alorginal cannibal, and therefore if I put you down as one of the lowest types of degraded criminal I shall not be very wide of the mark. There's no good you snarling at me, you swine; it does everybody good to hear some home truths—and don't forget it was you who pulled off the gloves."

Drummond lit a cigarette; then his merciless eyes fixed themselves again on Peterson.

"There is only one thing more," he continued. "You have kindly warned me of my danger; let me give you a word of advice in my turn. I'm going to fight you; if I can, I'm going to beat you. Anything that may happen to me is part of the game. But if anything happens to Miss Benton during the course of operations, then, as surely as there is a God above, Peterson, I'll get at you somehow and murder you with my own hands."

For a few moments there was silence, and then with a short laugh Drummond turned away. "Shall we meet again soon?" He paused at the door and looked back.

Peterson was still standing by the table, his face expressionless. "Very soon, indeed, young man," he said quietly. "Very soon indeed. . . ."

Hugh stepped out into the warm sunshine and spoke to his chauffeur. "Take her out into the main road, Jenkins," he said, "and wait for me outside the entrance to the next house. I shan't be long."

Then he strolled through the garden toward the little wicket-gate that led to The Larches. Phyllis! The thought of her was singing in his heart to the exclusion of everything else. Just a few minutes with her; just the touch of her hand, the faint smell of the scent she used—and then back to the game.

He had almost reached the gate, when, with a sudden crashing in the undergrowth, Jem Smith blundered out into the path. His naturally ruddy face was white, and he stared round fearfully.

"Gawd! sir," he cried, "mind out. 'Ave yer seen it?"

"Seen what, Jem?" asked Drummond.

"That there brute. 'E's escaped; and if 'e meets a stranger—" He left the sentence unfinished, and stood listening. From somewhere behind the house came a deep-throated, snarling roar; then the clang of a padlock shooting home in metal, followed by a series of heavy thuds as if some big animal was hurling itself against the bars of a cage.

"They've got it," muttered Jem.

"You seem to have a nice little crowd of pets about the house," remarked Drummond, putting a hand on the man's arm as he was about to move off. "What was that docile creature we've just heard calling to his young?"

The expugilist looked at him sullenly.

"Never you mind, sir; it ain't no business of yours. An' if I was you, I wouldn't make it your business to find out."

A moment later he had disappeared into the bushes, and Drummond was left alone. Assuredly a cheerful household, he reflected; just the spot for a rest-cure. Then he saw a figure on the lawn of the next house which banished everything else from his mind; and opening the gate, he walked eagerly toward Phyllis Benton.

## FOUR.

"I heard you were down here," she said gravely, holding out her hand to him. "I've been sick with anxiety ever since father told me he'd seen you."

Hugh imprisoned the little hand in his own huge ones, and smiled reassuringly.

"Don't worry, little girl," he said. "Years ago I was told by an old gypsy that I should die in my bed of old age and excessive consumption of invalid port. . . . As a matter of fact, the cause of my visit was rather humorous. They abducted me in the middle of the night, with an ex-soldier of my old battalion, who was, I regret to state, sleeping off the effects of much indifferent liquor, in my rooms. They thought he was your American millionaire cove, and the wretched Mullings was too drunk to deny it. In fact, I don't think they ever asked his opinion at all." Hugh grinned reminiscently. "A pathetic spectacle."

"Oh! but splendid," cried the girl a

little breathlessly. "Tell me, where is the American now?"

"Many miles out of London," answered Hugh. "I think we'll leave it at that. The less you know, Miss Benton, at the moment—the better."

"Have you found out anything?" she asked eagerly.

Hugh took his hand.

(To be continued tomorrow)

**PLUMBING AND HEATING  
CRESCENT PLUMBING CO.**

Phone 187



Artist Recording an Edison RE-CREATION

The  
NEW EDISON

Same Artist proving the RE-CREATION by Direct Comparison

Only the NEW EDISON sustains  
the Direct Comparison Test

*This means* that the New Edison is the only phonograph that gives you exactly what the artist or artists sing or play into the recording horn when making a RE-CREATION.

*This means* that no other phonograph or talking machine can give the life-like realism you have a right to expect for your money—the absolute realism that Mr. Edison spent three millions of his dollars to develop.

*And finally,* this means that, if you are interested in buying a phonograph, your good judgment should bring you to this store to ask us to prove the above claims. We shall welcome your visit.

DIXIE FURNITURE CO.

Scotland Neck, N. C.

GET a copy of that newest Edison Booklet "What Edison Likes in Music." It's free for the asking. It tells you lots of things you want to know, —what Mr. Edison's 25 favorite tunes are,—what he thinks about selecting music for home use. It also names 6 selections he believes every one should own. Our supply of these booklets may not go around,—better act promptly to get your copy.

## COUPON

Bring or send this coupon.  
Mark the items you want.  
No charge or obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

- ☐ What Edison Likes in Music.  
☐ Booth's etching of Edison, 12 x 19, for framing.  
☐ Edison & Music—the Story of the New Edison.  
☐ What Did Edison Do During the War? (Bulletin)